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Philadelphia, Thursday, April 10, 1919

QUICK! THE AIRPLANES!

LL those senators who desired to A advise the Peace Conference and weren't permitted to do so are badly needed in Paris at this hour. A crisis has arrived in which, with a few words, they could do much to insure the future peace of the world.

Jim Smith, who used to be the sole owner of the Democratic party in New Jersey, and Jim Nugent, whom Mr. Smith regarded as the heir apparent to the state, ought to be airplaned to Paris without a moment's delay. They, too, could help to insure the peace of the

They could tell Lloyd George and Clemenceau and Orlando some things which Lloyd George and Clemenceau and Orlando need to know, Mr. Nugent and Mr. Smith know better than any men

alive that President Wilson doesn't bluff. Like the senators who have fought hardest against the present administration, they could tell the Peace Conference that Mr. Wilson, whether he is right or wrong, isn't accustomed to starting things that he doesn't intend to finish.

WRONG WAY TO DO IT

TT IS perfectly obvious that the keynote of the coming Victory Loan campaign should be joyous. The shadow of appalling tragedy hung over the previous bond-selling enterprise. There was little evidence, even last fall, that the financial success of the loan would mean an immediate end of the slaughter.

But the curse is lifted now and the money which the government wants is to pay for the triumph of the right which has been achieved. Vigor-plenty of it | belongs of right in the hands of the -should characterize the campaign. It favored minority. Of course, neither should, however, be cheerful energy, view is correct. Government should be lusty and good-humored.

Outside such a category fall the lurid osters bearing the ominous inscription, dition. ttee confesses to knowing the precise meaning of these placards, which have appeared not only on walls and fences but actually on the boarded-up windows of some private houses.

Residents of the Rittenhouse Square district had a little shock when they saw these flaming signs yesterday. The mental specter of Bolshevism appeared. But even though that spirit can in this instance be laid, the posters are not eyegladdening.

Advertising that is alarming misses fire. The display of these threatening posters was not a good idea. Ingenuity should delight, not disquiet, those to whom the appeal is made.

A MYSTERY OF TRAFFIC

ONE of these days some man wiser than the rest of us will discover why a drayload of empty barrels or a truck with coal or a van filled with second-hand furniture moving leisurely in the main streets appears to have rights superior to those of thousands of people stalled in the trolleys and automobiles that follow behind.

Slow-moving traffic belongs in the side streets, especially in the rush hours of the morning and afternoon.

RED TAPE IN CONFUSION

RED TAPE is bad enough when it is operative. It is trebly irritating, however, when an obnoxious system breaks down and persons in no way responsible for it pay the penalty. Victimized in this way are a number of Americans who fought for democracy before America entered the war.

These veterans, included in a contingent of 2700 men who were mustered out of the British army, arrived at New York on the Mauretania this week. All were detained at Camp Mills as aliens, and many Americans who were in perfeetly good standing when they shoula musket for liberty were not eleased until the immigration authorities were satisfied of their citizenship.

Of course there must have been plenty of documentary evidence to prove the status of these soldiers before they sailed for home. But to make assurance oubly sure the immigration department usisted on the filling out of manifests on sigheard in order to record once more desired facts.

w, granted that the inquisition was ffable on the ground of caution, the it that could have been expected was the sacred pedantry for which

the vessel carried more men without a country than Edward Everett Hale ever imagined.

The "boys" are said to have taken their detention good-naturedly. That speaks well for their sense of discipline -much better, indeed, than it does for that of the red tapists who fell down on their self-imposed job.

THISTLES WILL NOT GROW ON A HEALTHY FIG TREE

Nor Will Bolshevism Flourish on Soil Suited to the Cultivation of Real Democracy

EVERY farmer knows and every man who had a war garden last year has learned that it is impossible to raise a crop on ground unsuited to it.

Yet many good people are worrying over the possible spread of Bolshevism in America.

If they will take the time to consider the course of political development in the world, about which every schoolboy knows enough to keep his thinking reasonably straight, they will discover that there is little reason for alarm.

The first rulers in history were kings, the strong men who seized power and used it for their own ends. They made nobles of their lieutenants, but they retained the power in their own hands. In the course of time the nobles grew dissatisfied with the role assigned to them. They wished to do something more than obey orders, and they demanded a share in government. When the English barons met King John at Runnymede and forced the Magna Charta from him the first step from absolutism to democracy was taken.

But society is composed of more than ings and barons. The great middle class, the commercial class, grew dissatisfied with conditions and demanded a share in the government. This was the second step toward democracy.

And finally, the working people, the men who are hired by others, began to insist that they had rights which should be respected and to declare that any government which ignored them was oppressive and should be reformed.

Secretary Wilson, of the Department of Labor, has reminded us that the greater part of Europe before the war had reached only the second stage in political development. This was absolutely true of Russia and Prussia and Austria-Hungary and only partly true of France and England.

Bolshevism, shorn of its excesses, is an attempt to bring about the third stage in political development by revolution. It is a not unnatural product of delayed political emancipation of the workers. Its excesses are those which always accompany an uprising of the oppressed. Its demand that government be controlled by soldiers', sailors' and workingmen's soviets is more defensible than the claim of the aristocrats that government participated in by all the governed, regardless of their social or financial con-

"Beware Poison Gas," and followed by | Bolshevism flourishes in Russia bea cryptic interrogation point. The loan cause it has been sown on a fertile soil. The dread of it in Germany and Austria Hungary arises from the knowledge that conditions there are favorable to its growth. Sensationalists are talking of it n England, but the participation of the workingmen in government there has increased so rapidly within the last twenty years that the plant of Bolshevism, even f it springs up, will wither in a short time under the rays of the sun of liberty which are shining in the windows of every workshop and factory today.

> The third stage of political development was theoretically reached in the United States when the constitution was adopted, and it has been actually reached for nearly a hundred years. There are legally no restrictions on the right of manhood suffrage. This is a government of all the people. The humblest worker may rise to the highest office. There is no hereditary and privileged class. Our political leaders are, nine times out of en, men who have made their own way. Lincoln and Grant and Garfield and Cleveland and McKinley and Wilson are shining proofs of the rule of democracy. No soldiers', sailors' or workingmen's soviets could devise a system which would make it easier for a man of the people to rise to positions of authority than the present constitution makes it.

> There is nothing that the majority wants which it cannot get. It matters not how radical it may be. The recent success of the Nonpartisan League in North Dakota is the latest illustration of the ease with which a large group of people desiring specific things can take the government into its own hands and arrange for what it seeks. Some of us may not like what the Nonpartisan League has done, but no thoroughgoing American will deny the fundamental right of the people of North Dakota to build grain elevators in order to deliver the farmers from the control of the railroads if a majority of the people of the state want these things.

The Bolshevists here, and there are a few, are the foreign-born who have not yet realized that they are living in a land of equal opportunity. They are reenforced by a handful of native Americans with imitative minds, who think that the radical remedies employed for European evils can be applied to the cure of evils in this country. Some dissatisfied workingmen are influenced by these propagandists. But the rank and file of the workers know that the remedy, so far as there is any political remedy for uns. tisfactory conditions, lies in their own hands. They have the vote. When smough of them brees on what they want, as the farm of agreed in North

fests, and hence, technically speaking, Dakota, they can get it by themselves if the old political leaders, anxious to retain their power, do not give it to them first.

There has never been a time when the majority of the people in any state or in any city were agreed for long on anything which they did not get. Their will may be frustrated for a year or two by the machinations of interested political leaders, but no political leader can survive who habitually disregards popular sentiment. Therein lies the safety of democracy.

If there ever was a government on the face of the earth broad-based on the people's will, it is the government of America. The evil in Bolshevism lies in its effort to base government on the will of a class. In a country where there are no fixed social strata, where the employe of today is the employer of tomorrow. where the rich and the poor change places from generation to generation, no policy intended to fix rule in one group. even though it be a large one, will appeal for long to the intelligence of the average American citizen. So those who are attempting to plant Bolshevism here are trying to raise thistles on a fig tree. The European grafts will onot grow.

MAKING TREASON EASY

THERE are federal laws on the statute books to protect all the institutions of the American Government from traitors and seditionists. If there is an efficient attorney general at Washington with a department efficiently represented in all parts of the country, there is little need for "emergency laws" conceived and passed by State Legislatures in emotional intervals and so closely drawn as seriously to restrict the individual freedom guaranteed by the constitution of the United States

An alarm clock in the office of the United States district attorney in Philadelphia, for example, would be far more valuable as a means to cure incipient treason expressed in vagrant propaganda hereabouts than all the solemn provisions of a drastic "sedition bill" such as the Legislature at Harrisburg has been considering.

The supporters of the bill have been wise in withdrawing it for radical amendments. There is a question whether any such law is necessary or desirable If seditionists are permitted to mask furtive propaganda in the publications of radica' political parties, the responsibility lies with the federal authorities. The offense is one which ought to be dealt with by the national government. State laws overlapping those of the federal government can only lead to confusion.

Some of the political propaganda being issued in this city to incite ignorant minds is frankly treasonable. The United States attorney general's office is said to

be "watching the situation." Doctors at the port of New York, who happened also to be federal officials, were watching" when an inbound vessel from one of the European ports brought the first cases of influenza. They watched and did no more.

The administration of the attorney general's office was lax under Mr. Gregory. Mr. Palmer, who is better acquainted with our friend, the alien enemy, has an opportunity to deal with the nuisance of treasonable propaganda in a manner that should reassure the Legislatures at Harrisburg and else-

SIDNEY DREW

THE untimely death of Sidney Drew comes as a personal pang to many thousands of movie lovers. Mr. Drew. an actor of distinguished ability and grace on the spoken stage, brought to the screen qualities which were new to the drama of speeding shadows.

There was a time when motion-picture comedy was synonymous with slapstick absurdity, in which so-called comic effects were produced mainly by unbelievable physical contortions exaggerated by speeding up the film.

Mr. Drew and his wife, in their delicate and delightful domestic comedies, showed that true humor, of a gentler and more wholesome sort, was not incompatible with the exacting technique of the photoplay. The whimsical charm of their pictures made them favorites to millions.

Mr. Drew did as much as any actor to show that true art can "register" in the movies. His facial pantomime was always restrained, subtle and inimitable. There will be a curiously poignant feeling for those who loved him to see that familiar shadow move across the screen, even though the man himself has come to the end of life's great reel. He gladdened many hearts with his wholesome. tender fun. The vast audience that meets every night in the darkened picture houses will not forget him. "Here lies one whose fame was writ in celluloid.

Gradually, as the They Won't Care forces of reaction are being revealed Paris, it must dawn upon the editors and politicians who have been fighting the American peace plan that they drifted into strange company.

In Chicago the steins that once held foam-For the Dead Past ing beer now are used as flower pots in the newfaugled coffee And some one has already suggested that only lilies of the valley and forget-me-nots ought to be so cultivated.

Officials in the police Not After Midnight department and at the district attorney's office refused to say whether a friendly poker game is or is not gambling. But is any poker game ever friendly?

The Germans, it is A Belated Invitation said, are consider lied army to police their distracted country. The pity of it is, they didn't think of the ider several years ago. Any time between 1914 and 1918 the Cutents would have been delighted to obligh.

THE GOWNSMAN

What is an American? THERE is a man, well known to the

Gownsman, who was born far enough within the confines of America to have been in no danger of falling into Boston harbor in his boyhood, who was educated in American schools, so far as American schools educate, and in American colleges, so far as colleges in America are American; a man whose tongue is fluent only in the English language as currently spoken in America. This man has always mistrusted the Germans. He has admired much that is French and more that is English. He has never hated the Jews; he has never comprehended the Irish. He retains enough of the spirit of what he believes to be American freedom to be neither an unrepentant Republican nor an unregenerate Democrat. He disagrees with most of the kinds of socialism of which he has heard and knows that all kinds of Bolshevism would disagree with him. He has voted consistently all his life for what he believes to be the best principles and the best men. He believes in war as a means of peace and in a league of peace as a preventive of war. And yetin one of those moments of candid and heated friendship which come to us all— this man was tausted the other day with not being an American.

AN AMERICAN: what, after all, is an American? Is this being an American a condition individual or distributive? Is it geographical or atmospheric? Is a map, so o speak, a representative American in himself, or is that blessed state merely a matter senatorial? There appear to be some who are of opinion that there is an equal modicum of Americanism distributed to each state, like the equitable distribution of senators. Now, obviously, if there is just as much Americanism current in one state as in any other and no more, it must follow that the bigger the state the less its American spirit; the smaller, the more concentrated that essence of nationalism. New England-and especially its smaller partsinder these conditions must be concentratedly American, and our prevalent disrust of all edifices, mansions or shacks which have been reared in Texas finds a conclusive explanation. Americanism is species of perfume or aroma, most potent In closed places and in quarters carefully shut in, which will account for the un-Americanism of the Middle and other Wests during the war, who, despite the fact that they gave proportionately more. responded to the country's demand earlier and declared a consistent belief in all things American, were, it appears, after all, only seemingly such.

THERE are still extant people to whom a Christian is a man who goes to my church; a heathen, one who does not; to whom a patriot is one who votes as I do a creature cast out in utter darkness any one who does not. The Gownsman's learned and distinguished friend, Professor Witmer, of the University, has just been called a Bolshevist because he does not agree with educational experts such as lessrs. Shallcross, Stern and Lane as to the glaring perfections of our Philadelphia public schools. And which of us knows not the little lawyer or petty political light who sees the world plunging to destruction be cause his little finger is not at this present moment helping and controlling its mad

THE blessed condition of being an Ameri-I can and it is the most blessed state in the world today—is viewed somewhat dif-ferently from the outside. Years ago, in travel abroad, the Gownsman proudly avowing "I am an American," was very natuvally asked, "A North or, a South Ameri And an old story tells of a London hotelkeeper who, a meeting of Methodist Church dignitaries being on, was expostulated with by certain Americans for taking in a couple of colored bishops. His reply, too, was natural: "I am sorry, but we make no difference among Americans.

TO BE an American is to be something I big, broad, large, liberal, assertive, but not inconsiderate as well. It is American to take all the room you need to grow in It is also American to give the other fellow all the room he needs. It is American to see largely and to plan greatly; and i is American to set those who need it on their feet and not to boss their steps too curiously when they begin to walk. Alto gether American it is to welcome new ideas to give to all-not only a chosen few-the right to think, act and speak as each will with the one and only proviso that such liberty shall not impair the similar liberty of any one else. This country is large enough to entertain many men and many ideas; it is safely enough under way to be unlikely to be careened by the momentary error of any one steersman. The heroism of our boys, approved on many fields, the sobriety and good sense of our people at large, their same instinct for what is right and their recognition of demagogy as dem agogy - these things assure us that our fears should not be as to the many but as to the few who sneer, who deny, who carp and continue to grow rich on the very

SOME "Americans," forgetful that they are the sons or daughters or a revolution, rejoice in ancestors of whom nothing is now remembered except that they came over in the stupendous cargo of the Mayflower. The ancestors of these were starved out of Europe, my friend, sooner than yours or mine, or they would never have come to rock-ribbed New England. And any Sioux or Patagonian brave can unfold a longer 'American' pedigree. To be an American is something more than geography, length of tenure, essence of prejudice or accident of party or opinion. Te be an American is to be at once an idealist and the most prac tical of men; to be a liberal and yet to hold fast to that which the race has approved to be good; to be an individualist in the sense that to each man shall be accorded fair play and an equal opportunity; even to be a socialist in so far as that terrifying word may mean that we cannot live in jus tice or in prosperity unless each of us sac rifices somewhat to his brother.

If the European In a Nutshell statesmen were as brave and as square as the European soldier, the Peace Conference would have been ended happily long ago.

That faraway rumble Or Moscow? you just heard and wondered about was evil laughter at Amerongen.

If the cables would only quit spelling

the fourteen points. Even in the age of republics King Momus seems to thrive, as will be exempli-fied when the mummers pay tribute to him in the loan campaign to reimburse the gov-exament for its light against autocracy.

Saar "Sarre" one could feel easier about

"IF LOVE, PRIDE AND HARD WORK WILL MAKE IT A SUCCESS, OH. BOY!!"



PRUNES AND PRISMS

Sidney Drew His image moves across the scene, His face perplexed with gentle whim-Only a shadow on a screen Is left of him.

How strange to see him come and go With all his winning quaint appeal, After the Master of the Show Has changed the reel.

At any rate one of the trials of the suburban gardener will come to an end after July 1. He won't find shards of broken bottles in his modest plot. Bottles will be too

The Seek-No-Further Land DRINCE and pauper and lord and lout P must travel asunder far; For each must follow his journey

through the Land of Things That Are: And one shall follow a beaten track and one shall follow a star, But each must follow his journey back,

however so far he roam, For no road leads to a journey's end but the road that reaches home. So prince and pauper and lord and lout turn back at the set of sun :

And the song I sing, and the songs that ring

in each of their hearts, are one:

"O WHETHER the night be bright with stars or black with the rack of cloud, Something there is in my soul that leaps and quickens and sings aloud;

For whether I travel a mooulit road or pavements that gleam with rain. at the end are the lamps aglow, and faces against the pane. and the smell of wood from an open fire,

and the welcoming lips and hand; The Queen of ultimate heart's desire, the ones who will understand: And walls that bar the Things That Are from the Seek-No-Further Land.' JOHN FRENCH WILSON.

It seems that we won't have to finish that poem on daffodils of which we had written the first line. Mrs. Jackson, of Laurel N. J., has kindly and gracefully finished it for us, thus:

Daffodils

If daffodils were merely yellow flowers, Did they not hold the spirit of the spring. Could they so cheer a sickroom's dragging

And make world-weary hearts once more to sing?

fared me forth; life seemed a humdrum story. But suddenly, while passing down the street saw a basket full of golden glory.

And God seemed near and life once more

was sweet!

No word they spake, but oh, my heart was hearing A tender song, seeing the daffodils; Sunshine of love, and faith instead of fearing

They brought, and raised mine eyes to God's high hills. know they are not yellow flowers merely,

These dear heart-blooms, so full of heaven's gold : And while I live to look upon them yearly I'll not despair and never can grow old.
MAUD FRAZER JACKSON.

Social Chat

We had the pleasure of introducing Lewis Bernays, the British vice consul, to a Jack Rose at a well-known cervine hostelry on Tenth street yesterday. We have also promsed to help this delightful diplomat make the acquaintance of Messrs. Tom and Jerry before July 1. Mr. Bernays has been in this country for some years, and it saddens us to think that his education has been so neglected by his American friends.

The next time you drop in at Joe De Mucci's berber shop at 116 South Sixth

street, ask Sidney, the colored bootblack, to show you the old book he found among the roots of the fallen elm in Independence Square. When they were digging out the roots the other day and the workmen had spaded six feet or so down toward the center

of gravity, the volume was thrown up with of gravity, the volume was thrown up as shovelful of earth and Sidney grabbed it. The binding has disappeared, but otherwise the book is in good condition. It is called Charlemagne; or the Church Delivered, an epic poem in twenty-four books, by Lucien Bonaparte." It was published in Philadelphia by John Conrad & Co. in 1815. On the

flyleaf is written, "James Wilmer, Jr. July 28, 1830 Sidney has dipped into the volume and finds it pretty poor reading, but he's going to keep it carefully in a drawer of his shoe-shining stand in case any of his customers get tired of reading the papers while he purnishes up their russets. It's only natural that Sidney should have made this biblio graphical find, as his full name is Sidney

Booker. We were out in Marathon the other evening, and were pleased to see Hank Harris and Bill Stites in their working clothes. torturing the innocent soil with some agricultural maneuvers. Luckily, Fred Myers forms a buffer state between those two empittered zealots, but even Fred says he doesn't intend to have his territory used as a corridor for Bill's fowls and Hank's radishes to parade in. We predict some kind of an ultimatum before the first of May.

We have learned what the editors of the Congressional Record do when Congress is not in session. The unhappy men toil upon the compilation of an index of the proceedings of Congress during the preceding ses-

This index consists in great part of a list of bills authorizing the secretary of war to satisfy the requests of various towns and villages for captured German artillery. seems as though the communities asking for these trophies have hardly kept themselves informed of the details of modern warfare, as most of them want not only the guns but "cannon balls" to go with them. Green-wood, Wis., asks for "one medium cannon or fieldpiece, together with a sufficient number of cannon balls to form a pyramid.

The Greensboro College Women. Greensboro, N. C. (from which, by the way, O. Henry's mother graduated in 1850), is more business like. It asks the secretary pieces, with carriages and suitable comple ment of projectiles. If all the women's colleges are as blood

thirsty as Greensboro, it won't be possible to withhold national suffrage much longer. Now we know what the editors of the Congressional Record do during the vacation,

the question comes, What do the Congress

men do? Desk Mottoes Life is mostly froth and bubble, Two things stand like stone:

Kindness in another's trouble, Courage in our own. -Adam Lindsay Gordon.

Newton Baker is a nice little man with a kind, kind heart; but what is his idea in taking nine-year-old Warren Pershing over 'to surprise the general' seems to us, though we haven't attempted to think the matter out very fully, that a man as busy as the general would rather not be bothered with a nine-year-old urchin just

Or maybe they're sending Warren over so he can tag around Paris with Rear Admiral Grayson and give the admiral something

Secretary Baker has sailed for France Secretary Baser has sailed for France Secretary Lansing and Secretary Daniel and President Wilson—not to include Colonel House—are already there. Can it be that the seat of government is to be on the banks of the Seine instead of on the Potons

HIS CRUTCH

HE HOBBLES down the quiet street.

A youthful veteran
Whose heart is still attuned unto The drum's wild rataplan. By battle's dread alarm Whose halting step depends upon

The crutch beneath his arm. His good right leg is gone-afar In Flanders mud it lies. But there's a smile upon his lips For still Old Glory flies, And though a slow and painful gait His mundane progress mars, Behold! his spirit vaults the clouds

Washington's sword and Franklin's staff Embossed forevermore upon The shield of Liberty: And lo! the doughboy's battered crutch, Through Time's eternal flight. Will stand a signpost on the road

And strides among the stars.

correspondents crave access.

To Freedom's mountain height. -Minna Irving, in the New York Sun. It's not so much the key to peace as the keyhole to it to which the barred-out

"In my old age." moans ex-King Ludwig of Bavaria, "I have no place to lay my head." Have the fusillading Bolshevists put even the block out of fashion?

There still seem to be sentimentalists who, if they saw a baby and a dog on the railroad track in front of an express train, would rescue the dog first.

What Do You Know?

1. What is the meaning of the military

term "point d'appui"? 2. Where is Patagonia?

3. What is amnesia? 4. How many lines of verse compose a

sonnet? 5. How long were the Articles of Confederation in force in the United States?

6. What is an eyas?

7. Who was the greatest of Spanish painters? 8. What was the real name of Bill Nye?

9. Who is the Republican member of the American peace commission? 10. How many cable lengths make a mile in mariners' measure?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

Cleave is a word of two absolutely op-posed meanings. It may signify "cling" or "sever."

2. The state of Michigan this week voted down an amendment permitting the use of light wines and beer. 3. Plautus (B. C. 254-184) was a Roman comic poet and dramatist.

4. Nuremberg is in Bavaria. 5. Elizabeth C. Gaskell wrote the story "Cranford."

6. The city referred to in Freeman's as sertion that "It has kept its name and its unbroken position as a city from an earlier time than any other city in Europe" is Cadiz, Spain. Cadiz, originally Gades, was the remotest col-ony of the Pheniclaus in the west and was founded about 1100 B. C.

7. Kelp is a large kind of sea weed, of commercial use for the sake of its soda

and iodine properties, 8. The word lichen should be pronounced with the "i" sounded long as in "hite" and the "ch" like "k."

). New York was the last important city to be evacuated by the British at the riost of the American Resolution.